ALL THE LATEST NEWS

# PRADO DIES GAME.

Marie Aguettant's Assassin Is Guillotined in Paris.

Lawyers, Journalists and Actors Witness the Execution.

Cocottes and Drunken Men in the Place de la Roquette.

Fifty Seconds After Entering the Prison Gate Prado's Head Was in a Basket.

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Paris, Dec. 28, 7.50 a. M.-Prado, thief, Bel Alphonse, human fiend incarnate on his own boastful admissions, died on the guillotine for the murder of Marie Aguettant, cocotte, at 7.35 o'clock this morning. The death was witnessed by 200 artists, newspaper men, actors, lawyers and politicians who possessed influence sufficient to obtain admission within the sentry lines to the Place de la Roquette. He died with much the same bravado as Pranzini, his former chum and counterpart. The scene was much more orderly, and not the slightest mishap occurred in the work of M. Deibler. In exactly fifty seconds from his appearance at the prison gate his bleeding head lay in the basket.

It was a long wait we all had in the chilly night air awaiting the dawn. Within the Depot des Condamnés the prisoner was reported to be sleeping quietly, unconscious of hir impending death. It may be a merciful provision that keeps the condemned in ignorance of the time of his execution until within half an hour thereof. But we, standing outside in the cold and dampness, couldn't help feeling that Prado ought to have been apprised earlier. I drove to the Rue de la Requette from the Boulevard Voltairs about 1 o'clock. I went early because I knew by previous experience the necessity of securing a front place near "the woods of justice."

THE VIOLE BEFORE THE GATES.

THE BELLEVILLE MOS.

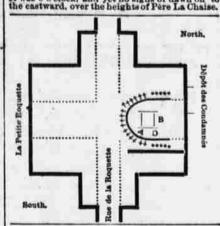
Progress in a cab was impossible along the little street leading to the prison, and abruptly closed beyond by the cemetery of Pere La Chaise. A large wine shop on a corner at the left was aglow with life. Cocottes from the European by drunken men in blouses, recking with the smells of Belleville and Montmartre. It was a heartless Parisian mob. My tickets were all right. Handing them to a gendarme when I reached the cordon of police, he carried them to an inspector quite a distance up the street and several minutes clapsed before I heard my name called and was permitted to enter the double file of guards that occupied the dirty.

STUDYING FROM LIFE. In front of the prison gates were found group of men occupying the two hard benches or standing along the line of curbing that leads from the gloomy portal of the prison to the centre of the place. Before the axe fell small group had grown to two hundred spectators, among whom were seen several of the most dis-

tinguished men in France. Near the line of trees on the upper side of the path stood Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie Fratyaise; near him Armand Silvestre and Henri Rochefort. Alphonse Daudet was said to be present, but I did not see him. Near me was Maitre Comby, who so ably defended the prisoner Stanislas Prado, who sails himself the Count Louis Frederick Linska de Castillon; Catulle Mendes, who has written many a screed about just such men as Prado, was hobnobbing with M. Andrieux, Frefect of Police, who fell during the Wilson-Grey regime. Even the privileged few inside the lines tired of waiting, and from the great mob kept by the police out of the square came frequent roars of dissatisfaction and snatches of ribald songs. Ten thousand people were in the neighborhood. on the upper side of the path stood Monnet-

ARRIVAL OF THE GUILLOTINE.

The crowd as the eastern entrance of the square had been watching a small shed in a little byway known as the Rue de la Folie Begnault. Its members knew that les boils de justice, as the guillotine is called, was hidden there. Long after 3 o'clock the doors of the shed opened and two covered wagons emerged. They looked like New York ice carts painted black. The heavier one consided the machine and the other the zinc-lined boxes in which the head and the trunk are thrown after being severed. Slowly the teams made their way through the crowds and drew up under the line of trees to the north side of the path leading to the Door of the Doomed. The wagons were opened at the rear ends and the few beams and boards forming the deadly mechanism were taken out. They fitted together accurately. First the superstructure was placed opon four large stones in the pavement, which every visitor to the square must have observed. Then the two tall uprights were raised. Then a ladder with a workman upon it was placed dongside. Just at this moment I detected the folind, grave face of "Nonsieur de Paris." I had seen him before. He wore a broadcloth you take tall hat with a brim as wide as a bishop's. He was motioning to an unseen assistant in the second wagon to have something massed out to him. Ah! Now I saw what it was he wanted. The thing was in a case like a window-glass box! The chubby old man opened the triangle-shaped knife. It was keen and satisfied inspection. Heavy iron weights—nearly four hundred pounds, it is said—were fastened to the top of the blade after it was placed in a position between the gaunt uprights. Then the knife was raised and dropped within the gioomy walls, where the poor wretch who was to embrace this virgin of instice lay asleep. More than two hours passed thus. The smell of Tank cigars, had cognac and worse ARRIVAL OF THE GUILLOTINE.



SCENE OF THE EXECUTION A.—Position of the suiliotine in the Place de la Roquetta, about half a mile northeast of the Place de la Hastille, M. de Paris, the executioner, stands at the point indicated by the letter of the Place de la Hastille, M. de point indicated by the letter of the half of the kinds. The walk from the prison-door behind him is then the prison of the point in the prison of the prison

The dotted lines represent trees along a curbed side

A close coupé arrived about this time and after it had worked its way as nearly as possible to the prison door, it halted. From it stepped the Abbé Faure, the successor of the good Father Crozet, who performed the last offices for Pranzini. The Abbé was admitted at once through the small wicket in the gate. We knew that Prado was now to be awakened and told his doom. It seemed harder to wait now than at any other part of the night. What did the theatrical, scholarly assassin say when he was awakened? Was he cool or did be best for mercy? Was he praying now, or cursing? How would he die? Every face was turned towards the great doors. When they swung open it would mean that the prisoner was about to die, and, after the old French fashion, he salute to the dying would be made. The crush had become dreadful. The people behind were doing their best to elbow themselves into better places. A big fellow was breathing a reminiscence of last night's onion sauce into my face, when I felt everybody take a long breath. Echpld, the doors were slowly, noiselessly swinging apart! winging apart!

It was no easy thing to get my hat off in the squeeze. I glanced about me, and in the gray dawn it was plain to be seen that every face was blanched. Walking side by side came Prado and the Abbé. The condemned paid no heed to his counsellor. His arms were rightly pinioned behind his back, so tightly indeed that his head was drawn far beyond perpendicularity. His heavy locks, seen to such advantage in the court-room when he confronted and shook them at M. Guillot, the Juge d'Instruction, were gone. His advantage in the court-room when he confronted and shook them at M. Guillot, the Juge d'Instruction, were gone. His apparel seemingly consisted of a heavy woollen undershirt and dark trousers. The shirt had been roughly cut away from about the neck and shoulders—for business purposes. Only a step behind the victim walked two tall, alender men, attired in long Prince Albert coats and with "heavily-weeded" slik hats. They might have been "mutes" from an English funeral. It is only twenty-odd paces from the prison gates to the guillotine. Only a few instants were consumed in the passage. So rapid was the progress, urged onward by the silent men behind, that, had I taken my cyes off that ghastly, greenish-hued face for an instant, I had not seen it again.

Prado was trembling violently. On the way to the knife he said to the Abbe Faure when presented with the crucifix:

"Non: Dieu se moque de moi."

NOW FOR IT, BUTCHERS!

Now For IT, BUTCHERS!

In front of the guillotine a board stood upright, to a height of five feet. In the top of it was a lunette. As Prado neared this board a most dreadful series of incidents followed each other with the rapidity of lightning. The trembling Abbe (for this is his first execution here) stepped apart. Four burly men, dressed in blouses of blue-and-white striped ticking, who had not been seen before, sprang forward, seized the condemned man, hurled him onward against the upright board, flung themselves upon him, and by their weight, bore the struggling victim, face downward, to the top of the low platform. That board worked on a swivel and ran or rollers. In an instant it had been wheeled forward until the neck was under the glistening knife, upon which the morning light had begun to gleary. M. Deibler, who had stood like a man of 'stone at the right of the guillotine during all this terrible scene, now reached forward and fixed a wooden collar over the back of the prisoners neck. Then we all heard a sharp click as the knife was sprung and—after an agonizing interval—the keen steel struck the neck as it might have collided with a rubber car-spring. There was no hesitation in that knife. It went through and the head of Prado lay among the shavings beyond. The surgeon placed his hand on the trunk and said: 'Hest mort'' An unnecessary act. The body was then rolled into the long black box; its lid closed with a bang—and I ran for the carriage that has just whirled me to the Bourse.

Prado died game!

Prado's Career of Crime.

On the night of Jan. 14, 1886, Marie Aquettant, a noted cocotte, was found murdered in her apartments. The discovery was made by her recognized lover, M. Bles. by her recognized lover. M. Bles. Marie's maid said an unknown man had accompanied her mistress home. A leather bag containing Marie's jewels had been opened and the valuables stolen. No trace could be found of the woman's mysterious visitor, nor anything discovered which would lead to his identity. Several weeks later a man who gave the name of Prado was seen attempting to escape from a private house with a casket of jewels. Although shot in the jaw, the policeman managed to hold his prisoner.

shot in the law, the policeman managed to hold his prisoner.
About the same time Engene Forestier, a demimondaine, and Mauricette Couronnean, a married woman, were arrested on a charge of receiving stolen goods.
Then it was shown that Engenie was Prado's mistress. She was finally induced to tell what she knew of the man. He was born in Mexico, and there was some terrible secret about his birth. He became a wanderer over the earth, and in time made his way to Mozambique, to China, to Hayti and to New York. Many strange stories, impossible of verification, he told about himself.

stories, impossible of verification, he told about bimself.

An English woman of noble birth, a Sister of a religious order, nursed him when he was a wounded soldler in a Spanish hospital. They fied to Jerusalem, where she gave up her yows and married the adventure. She died in Italy soon afterwards, and he returned to his life of adventure.

When he met Eugenie Forestier. Prado called himself Count Linaka de Castillon. The woman was gineerely attached to him, and spent upon him the money she received from other and richer lovers.

nime in money and received from other and richer lovers.

On the morning of Jan. 15, 1886, Prado came to her in a state of great excitament. She saw him burn his shirt and boots. He told her he had killed Marie Aguettant. He was often cruel, and by no means faithful but Eugenie kept his secret. One day, not long after the murder of Marie, Eugenie was summoned to join Prado in Bordeaux. They had not been there long together before she discovered that he was living with Mauricette Couronneau, as his wife. Still she kept his secret.

Prado made a rich haul of jewelry in Spain and divided a part of his spoils between his misstreases.

divided a part of his spoils between his mistresses.

The lewels were traced, and all three were arrested. Engenie told Mauricette of Prado's
crime. Mauricette, a girl of twenty, who had
become a mother, told her confessor.

The priest insisted that Engenie should make
her statement public. At last she consented.
Prado was arrested, and the mystery of Marie
Aguettant's murder was solved.

Trado's Spanish wife was to obtain a divorce
and move to Paris. The mystery of Prado's
birth and of his adventures before the fateful
night when Marie Aguettant was murdered was
never unravelled during his life, and now the
guillotine has made it as insoluble chigns.

### ONE FOR CHICAGO.

All-America Defeated by Anson's Great Players.

Second Game of the Series at Adelaide, South Australia.

Capt. Ward's Men, However, Are Still in the Van.

Record of Cames Played in Australia.

[SPECIAL CARLE DESPATCH TO THE WORLD.]
ADELAIDE, South Australia, Dec. 28.—The soond game here between the All-American and Chicago baseball clubs was won by the Chicagos. All-America....

STUCK TO HIS POST TO SAVE OTHERS. Four Lives Saved by Engineer Pierce of Hartford Bridge Fame.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
WATERBURY, Vt., Dec. 28.—By the presence of mind of Engineer Pierce, of Hartford Bridge fame, four men probably owe their Pierce was in charge of a light engine run-

ning at a high rate of speed, when turning a curve he noticed the rear end of a freight curve he noticed the rear end of a freight but a short distance ahead. He applied the brakes, but they failed to work.

Anticipating the danger of the men in the caboose, he blew his whistle loud and continuously. The four men heard the whistling and jumped, not a moment too soon for at the same instant the engine crushed into the caboose, smashing it to pieces.

Pierce stuck to his post and escaped without a scratch, his fireman, however, was badly scalded.

CAL M'CARTHY MAY FIGHT WARREN. The Bantam is Willing to Meet the Feather

weight in California. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] Boston, Dec. 28.-Cal McCarthy, the cham pion bantam-weight of the world, will probably be the next man to face Tommy Warren at the rooms of the California Athletic Club.

The agents of the Club in this city are satisfied that none of the Eastern feather-weights can get to 118 pounds without weakening themselves, so they have been on the lookout for some one who could go to Frisco and fight at that weight. It was finally decided that young McCarthy It was finally decided that young McCarthy was the only one of the bantams that could make a good showing against Warren. McCarthy now weighs 119 pounds, and even if he should gain in weight in Frisco, he could train down to the required weight and still be as strong.

Capt. Cooke, of the Police Needs, wrote to McCarthy a few days ago, asking him if he would go to California and fight Warren.

This morning Capt. Cooke received a reply from the hantam stating that he would go to Frisco. Capt. Cooke then sent the following telegram to President Fulds, of the California Chib:

"Cal McCarthy, of New York, the champion bantam, is the only first-class Eastern pugilist

bantam, is the only first-class Eastern puglist who can fight Tommy Warren in your California climate at 118 pounds, weigh in costume, and be strong at the weight. McCarthy writes to Poston that he is willnest one McCarthy writes

to Boston that he is willing to go. McCarthy is the best match for Warren, and Frank Murphy is the best for the 'Spider,' at a weight limit of 120 to 122 pounds."

McCarthy is without doubt one of the cleverest fighters in this country. He has two good hands and hits as hard a blow as the best light-weight.

JOHN L. HEARD FROM.

He Is Ready to Meet Kilrain or His Representatives in Canada.

Arthur T. Lumley, of the Illustrated News, received a letter from John L. Sullivan this norning, in which Sullivan says he is now ready to meet Kilrain or his representatives in Canada to make the final arrangements for their fight.

He requests Mr. Lumley to notify Kilrain's friends to this effect and Mr. Lumley will try to do so, but he is at a loss who to notify. He thinks he will send word to Richard K. Fox, but Mr. Fox said when questioned that has nothing whatever to do with the affair and a notification sent to him will do no

good.
"Let him send word to Kilrain himself,"
"Be is making his own "Let him send word to Kirrain himself, said Mr. Fox. "He is making his own match and will attend to sending representatives to Canada to confer with Sullivan."

Kilrain and Mitchell are in Cleveland exhibiting themselves, and can be reached by telegraph at the Kenward Honse. Kilrain desires forty-eight hours to arrange for the matter.

Where Will John L. Be To-Night ? [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
BOSTON, Dec. 28.—When John L. Sullivan

was in England he was presented with a fine specimen of the English buildog. John has apecimen of the English bundog. Sonn has carefully trained the brute since his return to America, and this evening in a spot not far from Boston the English dbg will meet a well-known Boston fighter for a large purse. John L., it is said, will personally superintend the handling of his English importation.

Gen. Grenfell Makes a Reconnoisance [SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.] SUAKIM, Dec. 28. -Gen. Grenfell went into he interior for miles this morning. but saw no rebels, and after filling up the rebels' wells re-turned to Suakim.

Sporting Men, Attention! For a fac-simile of Kilrain's acceptance of Sullivan's challenge see to-morrow's Evening WonLD.

"Woman! be fair, we must adore thee:

Smile, and a world is weak before thee!"
But how can a world is weak before thee!"
But how can a world is weak before thee!"
But how can a woman smile when she is suffering untold misery from complaints from which we men are exempt? The answer is easy.
Dr. Pirrec's Favoritre Purscription is an infallible remedy in all cases of "female weakness." morning sickness, disorders of the stomach, nervous prostration and similar maladies. As a powerful invigorating tonic it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. As a soothing and strengthening nervine it subdues nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other discussing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves merical anxiety and despondency. Sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manifacturers to give satisfaction. ""

BROOKLYN'S EX-POLICE CAPTAIN AGAIN UTTERLY LOST.

Cheories That He Has Become Insune and Wandered Of and That He Has Met Convivial Friends-Information Refused by His Wife-Sergt. Gorman Likely to

Another day has passed without any news having been received of ex-Capt, Henry L. Jewett, of the Brooklyn police, who mysteriously disappeared from the Ninth Precinct Station-House Monday afternoon.

In police circles the ex-Captain's strange case is almost the only topic of conversation Nearly all the officials have a theory of their



THE MISSING POLICE CAPTAIN HENRY L. JEWETT, OF BROOKLYN. own, but they keep it to themselves, as they object to being quoted in connection with the

An Evening World reporter called at Police Headquarters this morning and saw Supt. Campbell. In answer to the reporter's query as to whether any clue had been ob-

supt. Campbell. In answer to the reporter's query as to whether any clue had been obtained by which the missing man could be traced, the imperintendent said:

"I have not heard a word in regard to Capt. Jewett's movements. As far as I have heard he has not been seen since he left the station-house last Monday."

As the reporter was leaving the building he met another member of the force, who, when questioned, said:

"I really don't know what to think of the case. Capt. Jewett has disappeared before, but on those occasions he was always more or less under the influence of liquor. This time, as I understand it, he came to the station-house, transacted the regular business, went to head-quarters and got the money and then returned, paid the men off, and then after writing his resignation, skipped out and has not been seen or heard of since.

"Before he disappeared he was seen by scores of people, and if he had acted queer, even in the slightest way, his actions would have been commented upon.

"My idea is that he has become insane, and while in this condition has wandered away.

"Of course, after he has got away from his

away.

Of course, after he has got away from his friends he may have begun to drink. I have no fear that he won't return, and expect to hear any minute that he has shown up." Another police officer said: "The Captain is of a jovial nature and a first-class man, and am inclined to think he has got in with come friends and gone off for a few days. He'll come back all right."

The reporter then went to the Jewett resi-lence. It is on Waverly avenue, near

The same vicious-looking white dog sat on the front stoop, but The Evening World young man has encountered greater dangers than a growling dog, so he boldly climbed the stairs.

the stairs.

In answer to his summons Mrs. Jewett came to the door. She has a pleasant face, but looked much worried. As the writer was

about to speak she said:
"Reporter?"
"Yes; I wish."—
"Get out of my house. I've got nothing to

'Has Capt. Jewett returned ?" "I won't say anything," she replied, as she lammed the door.
The reporter next visited the Gates avenue olice station, but nothing had been heard up there.

police station, but nothing had been heard up there.

Capt. Jewett is about forty-five years old, six feet tall and stands straight. He has fair hair and mustache tinged with gray. He is said to have been one of the easiest and best men to work under that are to be found in the Brooklyn Police Department. For this reason his loss is regretted all the more. It is thought that Sergt. Henry F. Gorman will be promoted to fill the vacant Captaincy. At the last examination, both he and Sergt. Driscoll stood with a credit of 79. Neither are veterans, and the choice will probably be between the two.

Southern League Choose a President.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] NEW OBLEANS, Dec. 28.—J. W. Hearn, of New Orleans, was elected President of the Southern Baseball League, which was organized last night. New Orleans, Memphis, Birmingham and Mobile were represented. Four other cities will be selected. A \$1,200 salary limit was adopted.

How Cora Tanner Achieved Success. Exemplifications of the theory that industry will eventually be crowned with success are seen conspicuously in the dramatic profession, where talent is sure to win when earnestly and vigorously employed. No better exnestly and vigorously employed. No better example can be found at the present time than Cora Tanner. Only a few years ago Miss Tanner was a girlish beginner in the ranks of a Chicago stock company, but she soon showed that she was there for a purpose. No matter how small the part assigned her, it was drossed with as much care and taste as a leading rôle; if she had but the words to speak, they were studied and delivered with as nuch carnestness as though the success of the play depended on them. Thus she has persevered through her career and progressed to her present prond position in the list of our leading American stars. She has by no means relaxed her energetic push for improvement. This fact is clearly demonstrated in the superiority of her Lady Madge Slashton of to-day over that of a few months back. It was them a charming impersonation: it now seems a perfect one, and yet there is not a night that she does not seem to have studied for some valuable innovation. Co. Sinn can justly feel proud of his charming wife.

Old-Fushioned Remedies the Best.

### NOT A TRACE OF JEWETT. MAMIE'S LETTERS.

A Package of Remarkable Epistles Discovered.

She Loved Schoonmaker, and Insists She Wanted to Die.

Mamie Appears to Have Had a Baltimore Lover Also.

"Terrible Secret" Which She Will Carry With Her to the Grave-

ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.1 NEWBURG, N. Y., Dec. 28. - Mainle Wood, who appeared so prominently in the Schoonmaker tragedy in Brooklyn, will not die of the supposed poison which she took on her trip here on the propeller Newburg last evening. She brought with her a package of letters which throw some new light on her

The package contained upward of a score of epistles intact, and two letters that were torn in pieces, portions only remaining. One of these had evidently been written as

farewell to a Baltimore lover. The other was from a sister to Memie.

Two were from the Baltimore lover, who s evidently a society man in good standing of the Bon Ami Club, the letters being written on the Club paper.

In them he vows his fidelity to her and chides the maiden for her cold and distant manner of writing her epistles. The last one, lated Dec. 20, speaks of a noticed change in her tone in addressing him.

That the fellow contemplated matrimony is evident from the fact that he speaks in one place of her mother, changing it in the next line to read '' Our dear mother."

On the blank side of a letter sent by Mrs. E. C. Wood from Newburg to her daughter in Brooklyn, is written in Mamie's handwriting.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1888, My disobedience and your Tuesday, Dec. 18, 1888, Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1888. H, and M. In a stamped envelope, that had been sealed and then torn open again after being ad-dressed to Editor of the Brooklyn World, Brooklyn, was this letter;

Brooklyn, was this letter:

Brooklyn, was this letter:

Brooklyn, Was this letter:

Brooklyn, N. Y., 12-27.\*88.

Sin: The statement in yesterday's (Wednesday's) World is just about half true. Mr. H. F. Shafto's evidence being wholly false, and the folks in the hotel can certainly say the same thing. But why should they? They want to see some excitement.

I'll swear I never spoke to him or he to me, Harry cannot prove if false now, He was much surprised when he opened the door, as he thought it Mr. E. C. Brecklen. He (Shafto) came up and rapped and called out, "Hey. Harry, want some applejack?" and he never spoke to me, but I did hear Harry say. "My wife is sick." Then he came back and said he "was in a pretty fix." as he (Shafto) invited himself and wife to come and spend the afternool. So I was simple, ch? Perhaps I was for revealing what I did.

I can keep a secret, no matter how the law goes against me. You can think as you please about this, but there is a great deal in telling the truth, which you doubt I have done. Also another thing: That detective, if he can say anything, let him be honest about it, but he wants to be sure whether my name is Wood or Middleton; also if the chambermaid had kept her ears open she would have heard and told a different glory.

She tells a falsehood when she says H. spoke

story.
She tells a falsehood when she says H. spoke of a house in Brooklyn. That one word goes to

or a noise in Brookly. In at one word goes to prove that she didn't know what he said. Had not so many tongues got prattling most undoubtedly by this time you would have known the exact truth.

But I swear, as Edith and Harry are dead, there is but one left to explain. But believe me, put me to full extent of the law, which I doubt if you can do it, I will hold my counsel from this out, and—as Harry said—carry it to the grave, which I hope and feel is not far away. Now, if The World with the left is not far away. Now, if The World with the concerns me little. There are too many crazy reporters in this city. The only one I saw was on Christmas Eve. He acted civil, but the papers show that the others were trying to beat each other. In haste.

Mame Wood.

There was also the draft of the letter from

There was also the draft of the letter from which the above was copied.

Several slips of paper bear the address of "Mr. Harry D. Schoonmaker, care of Oxley, Giddings & Enos. corner Grand and Walker streets, New York City. N. Y." A note addressed to him, of which she evidently kept a rough copy, reads;

BROOKLYN. N. Y., Dec. 12, 1888.

FRIEND HARNY: If possible, bring Neille up to the house Friday eve, and if going to the armory can either go there or else you bring her. If not here by 8.30 or 9 o'clock will go around to the A. If you are not there I will have to wait a day, then you can bring her the next day; but, if possible, try Friday. Do not forget where you put the L. L. L. M. E. W. To Mr. Harry Schoonmaker, care Oxley, Giddings & Enos.

The next is a letter from Mamie to "Mrs. James Patterson, 264 Carltou avenue, Brook.

The next is a letter from Mamie to "Mrs. James Patterson. 264 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., or the public at large. In haste:"

BROOKLYN, N. Y., 12 26-1888.

HARRIET: You might as well have told the troubles. You did not send me away. I was not sick abed, and the detectives may have a chance to view my body. Then they will know whether my name is Mamie Wood or Middleton. This the first time I have heard the name. But I will hold my own counsel. Please speak the truth. In haste.

The last letter of interest was written by

The last letter of interest was written by the girl on Wednesday, Dec. 25, and it is evident from the tenor of it that she expected to meet death in some form. It is addressed "To my mother, E. C. Wood, in case of accident," and was penned at Brooklyn. The

accident, and was penned at Brooklyn. The following is a copy:

My Dran Mother, E. G. Wood, in case of secretar, and was penned at Brooklyn. The following is a copy:

My Dran Mother, No doubt you have read what I need not relate here, but, dear mamma, believe nobody's statement but Miss Louisa Magnire's, No. 14 Third street Brooklyn, as she knows the truth, so help me tood.

Harry said I was innocent, but I was not, or would never have kept the secret I did.

He told me there would be scandal, and now think he was kind in wanting to shoot me. The first time I went with Harry was on Saturday. Dec. 15, 1888, Mamma, Harry loved me. Whether I loved him or not is plain enough.

I am not crazy, neither was poor Harry. Tonight, one week ago, I laid eves on him for the list time. I made a promise to him, for you do not know the harm done me. Still I love him dead as alive. He asked me to share his fate, which I wish had been done to me as the same time as he, and spared his suffering wife.

Mamma, I have a secret, but I took my oath to take it to the grave, and I will.

Did you ever hear of Mormons ?

Give my regards to Standley. Tell him that he can find a woman that has not seen so much of this wicked world—though only the last week of two. Let the world say what it will I will bear scandal and keep my secret. Tell Will Let to take my advice and not cause a woman to do for him as I am about to do for Harry.

What a fool? i.e. I know it. Always speak well of me and kiss all for me. Dear George is brother? keep Prince (the family dog) for my sake.

May God forgive me if I die, and if I don't I will go later on. Whatever betides bury all you had been done on the him of the swell of me and kiss all for me. Dear George is brother? keep Prince (the family dog) for my sake.

May God forgive me if I die, and if I don't I will go later on. Whatever betides bury all you had been done on the same of the world in the family dog for my sake.

May God forgive me if I die, and if I don't I will go later on. Whatever betides bury al

In the package of letters from the mother

to Mamie were several references to consulta-tions with physicians respecting a cancer or tumor.

Among other things in the package was a house programme of the "Hoodman Blind," at the Brooklyn Theatre for the week commencing Dec. 24, 1888, showing that the state of affairs had not deterred the girl from visiting places of amusement.

HER ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

Mamie boarded the Newburg at her pier at Franklin street but a few moments before the boat left for this city, and on her up trip took a portion of a powder she had purchased at about 4 p. m. yesterday from a drug store in Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

After swallowing the powder she was taken with spassus, and told Capt, Beattle she was alling, and on the arrival of the Newburg at this city he at once notified the police.

Sergt. Eugene Moore responded to the summons with Dr. R. V. K. Montfort. The physician found the young woman suffering greatly, and on questioning her learned the true state of affairs.

On her person was found a package containing some of the stuff. Mamie raid she obtained the same from the druggist by telling bim she wanted something with which to

ing bim she wanted something with which to

obtained the same from the druggist by telling bim she wanted something with which to poison rats.

After purchasing it the druggist told her it was not poisonous to human beings, but she thought that by taking a large quantity it would end her sorrows, and took of it with suicidal intent.

The powder has not been analyzed, but the physician is of the opinion that it is simply Fuller's earth. Mamie was removed in a carriage to St. Luke's Hospital and medical treatment given her.

When Sergt. Moore first saw the woman she was reclining in the main cabin on a tete-a-tete. On a stand near by her was a package done up in brown wrapping paper, tied with a blue ribbon, addressed to Miss M. Wood, care of Mrs. Patterson, Carlton avenue, Brooklyn.

On the opposite side from the inscription, in a different handwriting, were the words: From H. Schoonmaker, Oxley, Giddings & Co., New York.

This attracted the attention of the officer, and as he assisted the woman to her feet he picked up the parcel. Later he called her attention to the same, when she replied:

"They are only letters. Of no use to any one."

In reply to a request of the officer to retain

one."

In reply to a request of the officer to retain possession of them for a time Mamie said there was nothing in them of value to either the police or the public, and she did not want further publicity.

Finally she placed them in his care, and the Sergeant courteously allowed your correspondent to read them.

The unfortunate young woman passed of

The unfortunate young woman passed a quiet night at the hospital. She had no more convulsions, and the Fuller's earth she took thinking it poison has had no serious effects.

thinking it poison has had no serious effects. She has not been permitted to leave her ward this morning, although she says she feels able to do so.

Mamie claims to have eaten no food for four days, and still asserts a desire to die.

She has not inquired about her mother yet, although The Evenes World representative expects to bring about a meeting between the two at the hospital at noon to-day. Interest in the case is widespread, and dispatches from all points have been received making inquiries as to her condition.

Mamie wears a chatelabe silver watch given her by Schoonmaker on the Asbury Park trip, also a heavy ring said to be Mrs. Schoonmaker's wedding ring.

The latter she denies, and adds there is a history about that which will never be known.

Miss Louise Magnus, the sister of mur-dered Mrs, Schoonmaker, lives at 14 Third street, Brooklyn, and it is to her that Mamie refers in her letter. Miss Magnus said this morning she knew of nothing other than had already been printed in The Evening

FOUR ARMIES IN THE FIELD.

Lively Battle Going On in the Sixth | Purse \$250; seven-eighths of a mile, District. The announcement that silver-tongued

Tommy Grady was to have a walk-over at the special election in the Sixth Senatorial Distriet to-day was made two weeks ago. That was the programme, and the leaders County Democrats and Republicans-at-

tempted to carry it out, but the electors re-Grady was an unsavory morsel to many of them and he was not to be thrust down their threats without a vigorous protest on their

part. Thus it was that THE EVENING WORLD announcement that the Tammany orator was to have a walk-over ex-Senator Reilly's seat raised storm of opposition, and the contest at the pells on the east side to day, instead of being a tame, uninteresting affair, is a lively fight, with four warriors after the scalp-lock of the

Tammany brave.

Candidates sprang up like mushrooms.

Nearly all of them are local nominees, and not the choice of conventions of representatives from the entire district.

Nevertheless they have flooded the district with their ballots, many of which are nestling in the boxes to-day.

The opposition to Grady is very strong, but it is unorganized and divided. If this were not so there would be, perhaps, more

were not so there would be, perhaps, more than a possibility of his defeat.

As it is, Grady has the support of the Tam-many Hall machine, and strenuous efforts are being made to get out the entire machine

vote.
The wily, long-headed leaders of the Counties, too, are supporting him, but the people who owe nothing to the politicians are walking up to the polls and depositing an anii-Grady ballot.

The whole difficulty with this ballot is that it may be for Charles L. Halberstadt, the Republican candidate; for John J. Stringer, the nominee of the Young Men's Democratic Club of the Twelfth Assemble District for Labor tween

ALL THE LATEST NEWS

## THE CLIFTON RACES

Ballston Comes in First for the Port Jervis Handicap.

Alex. T.'s Victory Was Something of a Surprise.

Bishop, Futurity and Golden Reel Take First Money.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]
RACE TRACE, CLIPTON, N. J., Dec. 28.—A large crowd went to the Clifton course to day. The weather was fair and a bracing wind blew brough the stand. The track, as usual, was treacherous, and in places what appeared to be olid ground was in reality holes.

Purse \$250; selling allowances; six and a half farsh Redom, 106 (Bergen) 3 iongster, 100 (Mosher) 3 Time—1.36½ Wayward was the other starter.

The Race,—Bishop was the first to show, followed by Wayward and Songster, Marsh Redom came by at the upper turn, and held the lead to the backstretch, where he in turn was passed by Bishon.

Bishop.

They were close together coming on the home-stretch, and March Redon was leading until half-way down, when Kelly urged Bishop to the front and brought him in a length and a half be-fore Marsh Redon, who was ten lengths before Songster.
Betting—Bishop straight, 6 to 5; place, 2 to 5; Marsh Redon for the place, 1 to 2. Mutuels paid 44.05; place, \$2.55; Marsh Redon paid \$2.80.

SECOND BACE. Purse \$250; selling allowances; six and one-held the lead until the turn was reached, where Alex T, got by.
Coming on the homestretch, Velatile passed him and led until nearing the judges' stand, when Alex T, again came by with a rush, and won by a head. Volatile a half a length in front of Can't Tell.
Betting—Alex T, straight, 15 to 1; place, 5 to 1; Volatile for the place, 4 to 5, Mutuels paid \$22,55; place, \$8,95; Volatile paid \$6.15.

THIRD RACE. Purse \$250; selling allowances; three-quarters

115 (A. McCarthy)

Port Jervis Handicap, purse \$500; mile and Port Jervis Handicap, purse \$500; mile and an eighth.

Won by Ballston, Brynwood second and Bell-wood third. Time—2.11%.

Mutuels paid \$5.20; place, \$4. Brynwood paid \$6.20.

Guttenburg Entries for To-Morrow. (SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
GUTTENBURG RACE TRACE, N. J., Dec. 28.— Following are the entries for Saturday, Dec. 29:
First Race—Three-quarters of a mile; for two-year-old
maidens purse \$200.—Now Then, 115; Cabinet, 115;
My Nannie O. colt, 115; Arthur W. 115; Gathing, 115;
Louise, 112; Salona, 112; W. G. Burna, 112; Melweod,
112; Sheedwest, 112; Hollowood, 112; Skep, 113;
Ayala, 112; b.
Second Race—Six and one-half furlouge; selling allowannes; purse \$200.—Costello, 123; Mannie Ray,
120; Warren Lewis, 120; Giendon, 120; Traveller,
120; Romance, 120; Burton, 118; Chinechilla, 115; F4; Oakley, 115; Matteawan, 115;
Ornament, 115; Striphton, 115; Matt Sharpe, 115; Ida
West, 115; Joe Pierson, 115; Guese, 115; Wiltred Jag,
113; Vengeance, 113; Julia Miller, 110; Planeroid geldming, 116; Arisona, 102; Maxumah, 110; Laborer, 156; Maming, 110; Arisona, 102; Maxumah, 110; Laborer, 156; M.
Third Race—Six and one-half furlougs; selling allowances; purse \$200.—Brier, 130; Warch Em. 120; Veng115; Broughton, 115; Rosalie, 115; Fagin, 116;
Warder, 115; Harry Brown, 115; Fagin, 116;
Warder, 115; Meledy, 115; Engiewood, 116; John Shay,
116; Sproghton, 118; Silver Star, 115; Tenamen,
116; Speedwell, 116; San N., 91; Dr. Josyfl, 57;
Annie & \$7; Nattol, 87; Servia, 87; M.
Yifth Race—One mile; selling allowances; purse
\$200.—Biraard, 120; Sam Brown, 120; Vanhoe, 129; Orlando, 120; Quince, 123; NamkiPost, 121; Vigilance, 123; Tiburon, 88; M.

The New Orleans Races. Following are the entries for Saturday, Dec. 202

The New Orleans Ruces. [SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] NEW OBLEANS BACE TRACK, Dec. 28,-The programme for to-morrow, Dec. 29, is as follower programme for to-morrow, Dec. 29, in as follows:
First Race-Selling allowances: eleven-wortcombs of a
mile.—Annawa, 119. Edocacio, 15. Wild Boy, 1144
Medicacio, 119. Edocacio, 15. Wild Boy, 1144
Medicacio, 119. Edocacio, 15. Wild Boy, 1144
Medicacio, 119. Edocacio, 119. Edocacio, 119.
Medicacio, 119. Edocacio, 119. Medicacio, 119.
Medicacio, 119. Edocacio, 119. Medicacio, 119.
Medicacio, 119. Edocacio, 119. Medicacio, 119.
Medicacio, 119. M

Weather clear, track fast. President Strong Has Not Resigned. fargo.al. To The Evening wontp, 1 'Boston Dec. '28.—At the Boston offices of the Atchison. Topcks and Sadia Fé Railroad the statement that President W. B. Strong has resigned and George H. Nettleton has been appointed to his place is denited. Mr. Strong says he has no intention of resigning.

Prince Karageorgewitch Bend. [BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.] LONDON, Dec. 28.—Prince Karageorgewisch. of Russia, brother to Prince Peter Karageors; witch, the pretender to the throne of Servis, idead. He leaves all his immense fortune to hibrother, to whom it comes very opportunely for the prosecution of his intrigues.